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SHAKESPEARE  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE



EDITED BY  
S. THURBER



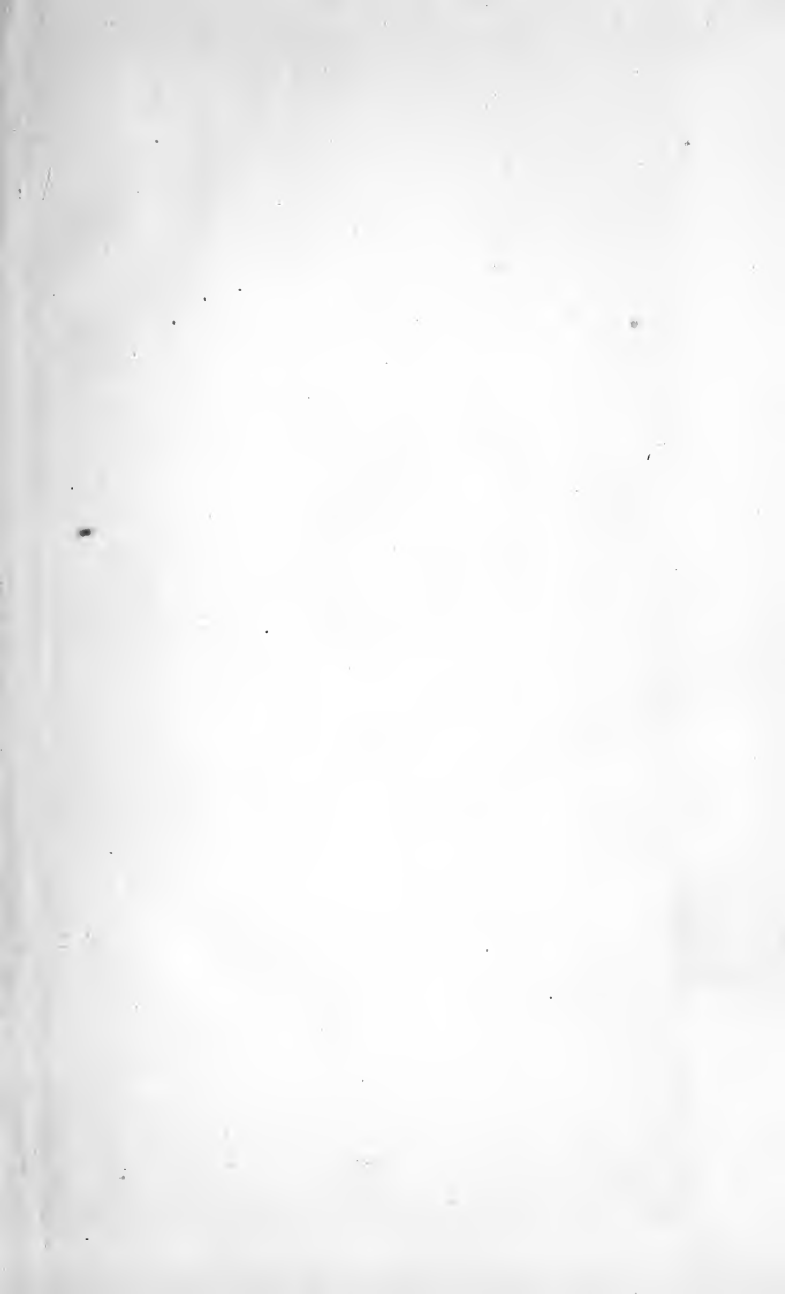
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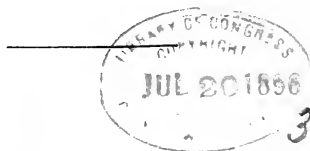
# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

SAMUEL THURBER

40



Boston  
ALLEN AND BACON

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1896

*Piston*

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## PREFACE.

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My endeavor, in editing the Merchant of Venice, has been solely to adapt the play to educational purposes. I have had in view young people of seventeen or eighteen years, who are studying literature as a serious business, who are accustomed to work over prescribed lessons, and who will not take it ill if they are asked to devote to their Shakespeare certain periods of meditation and research. In proportion to the vigor and the naturalness of the teaching, pupils crave to see and understand the processes of investigators, and refuse to be satisfied with the mere presentation of results obtained by other minds.

Hence my conception of the proper editing of a play of Shakespeare is that the book should take the learner into the Shakespearian laboratory. In the literary workshop the pupil should witness and perform experiments. The function of the teacher is to preside over experiments. The only function of the annotator is to help the teacher with suggestion; and if the teacher sees his way clearly enough without such help, and can without loss of time bring before his class an abundance of references, he may well dispense with all printed notes.

As in my editions of Julius Cæsar and Macbeth, my notes are, properly, not notes, but queries. The main principle of my method is to insist on as much original

work as the maturity of the learners permits. Original work should in every way be encouraged, and time for it should be provided. It is unfortunate for a class to be compelled to "get up" a play of Shakespeare in great haste.

The references are always to the "Globe" Shakespeare, — a book absolutely indispensable to every Shakespeare student. The numbering of the lines in this volume is made to conform to the "Globe" numbering, even though, in consequence of occasional excisions — rendered necessary by the purpose of the book — and in consequence of different lengths of lines in the printing of prose, the numbers be found here and there not to harmonize with the results of actual counting.

SAMUEL THURBER.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON,  
April, 1896.



# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to  
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.

SALANIO, }  
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and  
GRATIANO, } Bassanio.  
SALERIO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.  
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Venice. A street.

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:  
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies with portly sail,

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, 15  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,  
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;  
And every object that might make me fear 20  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run, 25  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
And, in a word, but even now worth this, 35  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought  
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?  
But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad. 45

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let us say you are  
sad,

Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy  
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50  
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes  
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,  
And other of such vinegar aspect  
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile, 55  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-  
man,

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have stayed till I had made you  
merry, 60  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords. 65

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,  
when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

*Lor.* My Lord Bassanio, since you have found  
Antonio,

We two will leave you: but at dinner-time, 70

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it that do buy it with much care: 75  
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, 80  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice 85  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —

There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90

With purpose to be dressed in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !”

O my Antonio, I do know of these 95

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time : 100

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile :

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time : 105

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years moe,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear : 110

*Gra.* Thanks i' faith, for silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now ?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more  
than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains  
of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall seek all  
day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are  
not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well, tell me now what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120  
That you to-day promised to tell me of ?

*Bass.* 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port

Than my faint means would grant continuance : 125  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged  
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time something too prodigal  
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, 130  
I owe the most, in money and in love,  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburden all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ; 135  
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honor, be assured,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, 140  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both  
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence. 145  
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost ; but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both 150  
Or bring your latter hazard back again  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time  
To wind about my love with circumstance ;  
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong 155  
In making question of my uttermost

Than if you had made waste of all I have :  
Then do but say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak. 160

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages :  
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued 165  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia :  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ; 170  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift, 175  
That I should questionless be fortunate !

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;  
Neither have I money nor commodity  
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do : 180  
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is, and I no question make 184  
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer. 10

*Por.* Good sentences and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none? 29

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold,



silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ? 38

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse : and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. 47

*Ner.* Then there is the County Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "If you will not have me, choose : " he hears merry tales and smiles not : I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two ! 57

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker : but, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine ; he is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering : he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him. 70

*Ner.* What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behavior everywhere. 81

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

*Por.* That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 91

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge. 108

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets. 115

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 122

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat? 126

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

*Ner.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. 133

*Enter a Serving-man.*

How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night. 139

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and

the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

146

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats ; well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months ; well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

5

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound ; well.

*Bass.* May you stead me ? will you pleasure me ? shall I know your answer ?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

10

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

14

*Shy.* Oh, no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the

peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond. 28

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us. 33

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here? 40

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian,  
But more for that in low simplicity  
He lends out money gratis and brings down 45  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate, 50  
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store,  
And, by the near guess of my memory, 55  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months  
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior; 60  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possessed 65  
How much ye would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot; three months; you told me so.  
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;  
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow 70  
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep —  
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,  
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor; ay, he was the third — 75

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest, not, as you would say,  
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did  
When Laban and himself were compromised  
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied 80  
Should fall as Jacob's hire.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest: 90  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good ? 95

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:  
But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul producing holy witness 100

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart :

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats ; 't is a good round sum.

Three months from twelve ; then, let me see ; the rate —

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft 107

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, 110

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help : 115

Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,

“Shylock, we would have moneys :” you say so ;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold : moneys is your suit. 120

What should I say to you ? Should I not say,

“Hath a dog money ? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?” Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath and whispering humbleness, 125

Say this ;

“ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;  
You spurned me such a day ; another time  
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies  
I’ll lend you thus much moneys ” ?

130

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?

135

But lend it rather to thine enemy,  
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm !  
I would be friends with you and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,  
Supply your present wants and take no doit  
Of usance for my moneys, and you’ll not hear me :  
This is kind I offer.

140

*Bass.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show.  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

145

150

*Ant.* Content, i’ faith : I’ll seal to such a bond  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.



*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me: 155  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond. 160

*Shy.* O father Abram, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture? 165

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 170  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight, 175  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I will be with you.

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew. [Exit Shylock.  
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind. 180

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay;  
My ships come home a month before the day.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
 The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.  
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, 5  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath feared the valiant: by my love, I swear  
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10  
 Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,  
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny 15  
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
 But if my father had not scanted me  
 And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself  
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20  
 As any comer I have looked on yet  
 For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you:  
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets  
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar  
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince 25

That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,  
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,  
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!  
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his page; 35  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance,  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong, 40  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

*Mor.* Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple: after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! 45  
To make me blest or curs'd'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run  
from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow  
and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,  
good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot  
Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My

conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

33

*Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Lawn.* [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

41

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house. 45

*Gob.* By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now I will raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? 51

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot. 56

*Gob.* Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership. 60

*Laun.* Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 70

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father? 76

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out. 85

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. 91

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail. 101

*Laun.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now? 108

*Laun.* Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father,

I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 120

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. 125

*[Exit a Servant.]*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify — 131

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve, —

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify —

*Gob.* His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins — 139

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you —

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is — 145

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man;

and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both. What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir. 151

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:  
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment 155  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between  
my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of  
God, sir, and he hath enough. 160

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.  
Take leave of thy old master and inquire  
My lodging out. Give him a livery  
More guarded than his fellows': see it done. 164

*Laun.* Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have  
ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy  
have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a  
book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple  
line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen  
wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a  
simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drown-  
ing thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge  
of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fort-  
une be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.  
Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the  
twinkling of an eye. 177

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:  
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,



Return in haste, for I do feast to-night 180

My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio! 185

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtained it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;  
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;

Parts that become thee happily enough 191  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;

But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty 195  
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior

I be misconstrued in the place I go to  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect and swear but now and then, 200  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say "amen,"

Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent 205

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me  
By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity :

I would entreat you rather to put on 210

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well :

I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest :

But we will visit you at supper-time. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so :

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee :

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see 5

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :

Give him this letter; do it secretly;

And so farewell: I would not have my father

See me in talk with thee. 9

*Laun.* Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot. [ *Exit Launcelot.*

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me 16

To be ashamed to be my father's child !

But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, 20  
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,  
 Disguise us at my lodging and return,  
 All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers. 5

*Salan.* 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,  
 And better in my mind not undertook.

*Lor.* 'T is now but four o'clock : we have two hours  
 To furnish us.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall  
 seem to signify. 11

*Lor.* I know the hand : in faith, 't is a fair hand ;  
 And whiter than the paper it writ on  
 Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir. 15

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to  
 sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this : tell gentle Jessica 20  
 I will not fail her ; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight. 25

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano.

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'T is good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed 30  
How I shall take her from her father's house,  
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake: 35

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE V. *The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;— 5

Why, Jessica, I say!

*Lawn.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Lawn.* Your worship was wont to tell me that I could  
do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? what is your will? 10

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:  
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, 15  
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:  
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth  
expect your reproach. 20

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* An they have conspired together, I will not  
say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not  
for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday  
last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on  
Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon. 27

*Shy.* What, are there masques? Hear you me,  
Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife, 30  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter 35  
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this; 41

There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, "Farewell mistress;" nothing else. 45

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough but a huge feeder;  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste 50  
His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in:  
Perhaps I will return immediately:  
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:  
Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.* 55

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo  
Desired us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly 5  
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again 10  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.  
How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, 15  
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind !  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent and beggared by the strumpet wind ! 20

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo : more of this hereafter. 20

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;  
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach ;  
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho ! who 's within ? 25

*Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,  
For who love I so much ? And now who knows 30  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou  
art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.  
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange : 35

But love is blind and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscured.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. 45  
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,  
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. 50  
[*Exit above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me but I love her heartily;  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath proved herself, 55  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]



*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who 's there ?

60

*Gra.* Signior Antonio !

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?

'T is nine o'clock : our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night : the wind is come about ;

Bassanio presently will go aboard :

65

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on 't : I desire no more delight  
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE  
OF MOROCCO, and their trains.*

*Por.* Go draw aside the curtains and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince.  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,  
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;" 5  
The second, silver, which this promise carries,  
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
How shall I know if I do choose the right ? 10

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince :  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgement ! Let me see ;  
I will survey the inscriptions back again.  
What says this leaden casket ? 15

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
Must give : for what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?  
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ; 20  
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue ?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves ! Pause there, Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand : 25

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady :

And yet to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve ! Why, that 's the lady :

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding ;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I strayed no further, but chose here ? 35

Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold ;

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that 's the lady ; all the world desires her ;

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint : 40

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia :

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar 45

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is 't like that lead contains her ? 'T were damnation

To think so base a thought : it were too gross 50

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,  
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?  
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England 55  
A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
Stamped in gold, but that's insculped upon;  
But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,  
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold; 65  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold, 70  
Young in limbs, in judgement old,  
Your answer had not been inscrolled:  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:  
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost! 75  
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train.* *Flourish of cornets.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.  
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:  
With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries raised the  
duke,  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship. 5

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:  
But there the duke was given to understand  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
Besides, Antonio certified the duke 10  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confused,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! 15  
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!  
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!  
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20  
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day, 25  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remembered.

I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country richly fraught: 30  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;  
And wished in silence that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth. 35  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
Bassanio told him he would make some speed  
Of his return: he answered, "Do not so;  
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time; 40  
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love:  
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship and such fair ostents of love  
As shall conveniently become you there:" 45  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think he only loves the world for him. 50  
I pray thee, let us go and find him out.  
And quicken his embraced heaviness  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.*

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

*Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,  
PORTIA, and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:  
If you choose that wherein I am contained, 5  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one 10  
Which casket 't was I chose: next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage:  
Lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice, 15  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I addressed me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead. 20  
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:  
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire ! that "many" may be meant 25  
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty. 30  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear : 35  
" Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves : "  
And well said too ; for who shall go about  
To cozen fortune and be honorable  
Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity. 40  
O, that estates, degrees and offices  
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor  
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !  
How many then should cover that stand bare !  
How many be commanded that command ! 45  
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned  
From the true seed of honor ! and how much honor  
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times  
To be new varnished ! Well, but to my choice :  
" Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." 50  
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
Presenting me a schedule ! I will read it. 55

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 60

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices  
And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:

Seven times tried that judgement is,  
That did never choose amiss. 65

Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:

There be fools alive, I wis,

Silvered o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed, 70

I will ever be your head:

So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo, 75

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

*Por.* Thus hath the candle singed the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose, 80

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy,

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.



*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady ?

*Por.* Here : what would my lord ? 85

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord ;  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath, 90  
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love :  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. 95

*Por.* No more, I pray thee : I am half afeared  
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.  
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto ?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place ; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word. 8

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! — 16

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.

*Salan.* Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. 24

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal. 30

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damned for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge. 35

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion!

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood. 40

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 45

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond. 52

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

*Shy.* ¶ To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 76

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe : a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 81

*[Exeunt Salanio, Salarino and Servant.]*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal ! what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 86

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now : two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? Why, so : and I know not what's spent in the search : why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders ; no sighs but of my breathing ; no tears but of my shedding. 101

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too : Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

*Shy.* What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ? 104

*Tub.* Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God. Is 't true, is 't true ?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 110

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal : good news, good news ! ha, ha ! where ? in Genoa ?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats. 114

*Shy.* Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats! 117

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it. 122

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. 128

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well, —

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —  
 I would detain you here some month or two  
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10  
 How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;  
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
 They have o'erlooked me and divided me; 15  
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,  
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
 And so all yours. O, these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their rights!  
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20  
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.  
 I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,  
 To eke it and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose;  
 For as I am, I live upon the rack. 25

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:  
 There may as well be amity and life 30  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
 Where men enforced do speak anything.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess and live.

*Bass.* "Confess" and "love"  
 Had been the very sum of my confession: 36  
 O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away, then ! I am locked in one of them : 40  
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music : that the comparison 45

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;

And what is music then ? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch : such it is 50

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem 55

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules ! 60

Live thou, I live : with much much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart or in the head ?

How begot, how nourished ? 65

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell : 70

I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt 75

But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80

There is no vice so simple but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars, 85

Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk;

And these assume but valor's excrement

To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,

And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90

Making them lightest that wear most of it:

So are those crisped snaky golden locks

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head, 95

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf



Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,  
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught, 105  
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence ;  
 And here choose I : joy be the consequence !

*Por.* [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,  
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy ! 110  
 O love,

Be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;  
 In measure rain thy joy ; scant this excess.  
 I feel too much thy blessing : make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit.

*Bass.* What find I here ? 115

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?  
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
 Seem they in motion ? Here are severed lips,  
 Parted with sugar breath : so sweet a bar 120  
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
 The painter plays the spider and hath woven  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs : but her eyes, —  
 How could he see to do them ? having made one, 125  
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his  
 And leave itself unfurnished. Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll, 130  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new. 135  
If you be well pleased with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; 140  
I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 145  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;  
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, 150  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times 155  
More rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account; but the full sum of me

Is sum of something, which, to term in gross, 160  
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit 165  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, 170  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love 175  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words;  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke 180  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Expressed and not expressed. / But when this ring 185  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:  
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady! 190

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
For I am sure you can wish none from me :  
And when your honors mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you, 195  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ; 200  
You loved, I loved for intermission.  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;  
For wooing here until I sweat again, 205  
And swearing till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,  
I got a promise of this fair one here  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achieved her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa ? 210

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage. 215

*Gra.* But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?  
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio ? 222

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither ;  
If that the youth of my new interest here

Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave, 225  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord :  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ; 230  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Saler.* I did, my lord ;  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter, 235  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Saler.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.  
Your hand, Salerio : what's the news from Venice ? 241  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?  
I know he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Saler.* I would you had won the fleece that he hath  
lost. 245

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon same  
paper,  
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek :  
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ! 250  
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.*

O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady, 255  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see 260  
How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,  
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy, 265  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound  
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?  
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit? 270  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Saler.*

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had 275  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
He plies the duke at morning and at night, 280  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,

If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea 285  
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him I have heard him swear  
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
Than twenty times the value of the sum 290  
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, 295  
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honor more appears  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew? 300

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault. 305  
First go with me to church and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over: 310  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.  
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!  
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:  
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer: 315  
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all  
 miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very  
 low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying  
 it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared be-  
 tween you and I, if I might but see you at my death.  
 Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not  
 persuade you to come, let not my letter. 324

*Por.* O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Venice. A street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;  
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis:  
 Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:  
 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. 5  
 Thou calledst me dog before thou hadst a cause;  
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
 The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,  
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond  
 To come abroad with him at his request. 10



*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield 15  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;

I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*]

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:

I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20

He seeks my life; his reason well I know:

I oft delivered from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me;

Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 25

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be denied,

Will much impeach the justice of his state;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city 30

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

These griefs and losses have so bated me,

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come 35

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.*

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
BALTHASAR.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But if you knew to whom you show this honor, 5  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good, 10  
Nor shall not now : for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit ; 15  
Which makes me think that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20  
From out the state of hellish misery !  
This comes too near the praising of myself ;  
Therefore no more of it : hear other things.  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house 25  
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow

To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return : 30  
There is a monastery two miles off ;  
And there will we abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this imposition ;  
The which my love and some necessity  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart ; 35  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.  
And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased  
To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar, 45  
As I have ever found thee honest-true,  
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavor of a man  
In speed to Padua : see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario ; 50  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed  
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee. 55

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand



promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good ; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee ? 10

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed : so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me. 15

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother ; well, you are gone both ways. 20

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes. 30

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo : Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 39

*Lor.* I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. 52

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only "cover" is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty. 60

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 66

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [Exit. 70

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited! 70  
The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? 75  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady, 80  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

And if on earth he do not mean it, then  
 In reason he should never come to heaven.  
 Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match  
 And on the wager lay two earthly women, 85  
 And Portia one, there must be something else  
 Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world  
 Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
 Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. 90

*Lor.* I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
 Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
 I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

► SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,  
 GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer  
 A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty 5  
 From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
 Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
 His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate

And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10  
My patience to his fury, and am armed  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Saler.* He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord. 15

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.  
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought  
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange 20  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touched with human gentleness and love, 25  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enow to press a royal merchant down  
And pluck commiseration of his state 30  
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained  
To offices of tender courtesy.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possessed your grace of what I purpose; 35  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light



Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40  
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
But, say, it is my humor: is it answered?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats 45  
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
For affection, 50  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:  
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat; 55  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing 60  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answers. 65

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee  
twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew: 70  
You may as well go stand upon the beach  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines 75  
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that — than which what 's harder? —  
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you, 80  
Make no more offers, use no farther means,  
But with all brief and plain conveniency  
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats 85  
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering  
none?

*Shy.* What judgement shall I dread, doing no  
wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave, 90  
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds 95  
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates  
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,  
"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought; 't is mine and I will have it. 100  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 105  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Saler.* My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage  
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit 115  
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:  
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,  
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario? 119

*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presenting a letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness 125  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damned, execrable dog!  
And for thy life let justice be accused.  
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith 130

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, 135  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,  
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolvis, bloody, starved and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: 140  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court.  
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by, 145  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart. Some three or four of  
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.  
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 149

*Clerk.* [*Reads*] Your grace shall understand that at  
the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the in-  
stant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was  
with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar.  
I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between  
the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many  
books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which,  
bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I  
cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my impor-  
tunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I be-  
seech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let

him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation. 166

*Duke.* You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference 171

That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. 175

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? 180

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

✓ *Por.* The quality of mercy is not strained,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 185

Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 190  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself; 195  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
[When mercy seasons justice.] Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; 200  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 205

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, 210  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority: 215  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:

'T will be recorded for a precedent, 220  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond. 225

*Shy.* Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit; 230  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:  
Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor. 235  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear 240  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgement.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is: 245  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'T is very true : O wise and upright judge ! 250  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast :  
So says the bond : doth it not, noble judge ?  
"Nearest his heart : " those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh 255  
The flesh ?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Por.* It is not so expressed : but what of that ? 260  
'T were good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it ; 't is not in the bond.

*Por.* You, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

*Ant.* But little : I am armed and well prepared.  
Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well ! 265

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom : it is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270  
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife :  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;  
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death ; 275  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;



For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 280  
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteemed above thy life : 285  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love : 290  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'T is well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands. I have a  
daughter; 295  
Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*  
We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it. 300

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, pre-  
pare!

*Por.* Tarry a little; there is something else. 305  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh :"  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed



*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel ! 340  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it ! 345  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,  
If it be proved against an alien  
That by direct or indirect attempts 350  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy 355  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;  
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly and directly too  
Thou hast contrived against the very life 360  
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurred  
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thy-  
self :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, 365  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; 370  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that :  
You take my house when you do take the prop 375  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke and all the court  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods, 381  
I am content; so he will let me have  
The other half in use, to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter : 385

Two things provided more, that, for this favor,  
He presently become a Christian ;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,  
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 390

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou  
say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; 395  
I am not well: send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening shalt thou have two godfathers :

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 400

[*Exit Shylock.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. 405  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, 410  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied; 415  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied  
And therein do account myself well paid:  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me when we meet again:  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 420

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield. 425  
[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your  
sake;

[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle ! 430  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this ;  
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, 435  
And find it out by proclamation :  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now methinks  
You teach me how a beggar should be answered. 440

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;  
And when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
An if your wife be not a mad-woman, 445  
And know how well I have deserved the ring,  
She would not hold out enemy forever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

*Ant.* My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :  
Let his deservings and my love withal 450  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;  
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house : away ! make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently ; 455  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed  
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night  
And be a day before our husbands home:  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en: 5  
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice  
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be:  
His ring I do accept most thankfully:  
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, 10  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.  
[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,  
Which I did make him swear to keep forever.

*Por.* [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. 15  
We shall have old swearing  
That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will  
tarry. 19

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.**Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright: in such a night as  
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees  
And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls  
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents, 5  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself  
And ran dismayed away.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10  
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew 15  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night 20



Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did nobody come;  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter* STEPHANO.

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night? 25

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name, I pray  
you, friend?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name: and I bring word  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about 30  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None but a holy hermit and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

*Lor.* He is not, nor have we not heard from him. 35  
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT.

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls? 40

*Laun.* Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master  
Lorenzo, sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man: here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here. 45

*Laun.* Tell him there's a post come from my master,

with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in? 50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music 55

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st 60

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. 65

†

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear

And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, 75  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods: 80  
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; 85  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king  
Until a king be by, and then his state 95  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark  
When neither is attended, and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought 105  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection !

Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion

And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*

*Lor.* That is the voice, 110  
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' healths,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words. 115  
Are they returned ?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa ;  
Give order to my servants that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence ; 120  
Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :  
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

*Por.* This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;  
It looks a little paler : 't is a day 125  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their  
followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light ;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130  
And never be Bassanio so for me :

But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 135

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words, 140  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

*Gra.* [*To Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ? 146

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me, whose posy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, " Love me, and leave me not." 150

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy or the value ?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death  
And that it should lie with you in your grave :  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, 155  
You should have been respective and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God's my judge,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,  
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee :  
I could not for my heart deny it him. 165

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring and made him swear 170  
Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;  
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief : 175  
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand  
off

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begged it and indeed 180  
Deserved it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine  
And neither man nor master would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord ?  
Not that, I hope, which you received of me. 185

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it ; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it ; it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia, 192  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring 195  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200  
Or your own honor to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleased to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty 205  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:  
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by my honor, madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me  
And begged the ring; the which I did deny him  
And suffered him to go displeased away;  
Even he that did uphold the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady? 215  
I was enforced to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honor would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;  
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220  
Had you been there, I think you would have begged  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:  
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me, 225

I will become as liberal as you;  
I 'll not deny him any thing I have.

*Ner.* Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advised  
How you do leave me to mine own protection. 235

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;  
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong 240  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself —

*Por.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;  
In each eye, one: swear by your double self, 245  
And there 's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, 250  
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him this  
And bid him keep it better than the other. 255

*Ant.* Here Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

*Por.* You are all amazed: 266  
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:



There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,  
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here 270  
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you  
And even but now returned; I have not yet  
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome,  
And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon; 275  
There you shall find three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbor suddenly:  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor and I knew you not? 280

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living; 286  
For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo!  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290  
There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning, 295  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing 306  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

A LIST OF THE PERSONS OF THE DRAMA, WITH THE SCENES IN  
WHICH THEY APPEAR.

ANTONIO . . . . .	I, 1, 3; II, 6; III, 3; IV, 1; V, 1.
SALARINO . . . . .	I, 1; II, 4, 6, 8, III, 1, 3.
SALANIO . . . . .	I, 1; II, 3, 8; III, 1.
BASSANIO . . . . .	I, 1, 3; II, 1; III, 2; IV, 1; V, 1.
LORENZO . . . . .	I, 1; II, 4, 6; III, 2, 4, 5; V, 1.
GRATIANO . . . . .	I, 1; II, 2, 4, 6; III, 2; IV, 1, 2; V, 1.
SERVANT . . . . .	I, 2; II, 9; III, 1.
SHYLOCK . . . . .	I, 3; II, 5; III, 1, 3; IV, 1.
MOROCCO . . . . .	II, 1, 7.
LAUNCELOT . . . . .	II, 2, 3, 4, 5; III, 5; V, 1.
OLD GOBBO . . . . .	II, 2.
LEONARDO . . . . .	II, 2.
ARRAGON . . . . .	II, 9.
TUBAL . . . . .	III, 1.
MUSICIAN . . . . .	III, 2.
SALERIO . . . . .	III, 2; IV, 1.
BALTHASAR . . . . .	III, 4.
DUKE . . . . .	IV, 1.
STEPHANO . . . . .	V, 1.
PORTIA . . . . .	I, 2; II, 1, 7, 9; III, 2, 4; IV, 1, 2; V, 1.
NERISSA . . . . .	I, 2; II, 9; III, 2, 4; IV, 1, 2; V, 1.
JESSICA . . . . .	II, 3, 6, 7; III, 2, 4, 5; V, 1.

## NOTES.

Shakespeare produced his plays and "poems" during a period of about twenty years, which is almost equally divided by the close of the 16th century. The Merchant of Venice may be assigned to the middle of the first half of this period, and is therefore to be considered as one of the poet's earlier, but not earliest, dramas. It had been preceded by nearly all his inferior comedies, and also by the Midsummer Night's Dream. The inferior histories had already appeared, and with them also King John and Richard II. Romeo and Juliet belongs to nearly the same date as the Merchant of Venice. But all the greatest comedies, the greatest histories, and absolutely all the tragedies, Romeo and Juliet excepted, were yet to be written.

At this period of his career the poet has overcome the faults of his earliest work. He has finally settled the metric forms which he is to use during the course of his poetic activity. He has learned how to adapt plays to the stage so as to touch the imagination of spectators, and to produce perfect illusion as regards time and place. He has passed out of his apprenticeship in the art of portraying character,—the art of creating collisions and reconciliations that grow out of the personalities of men and women. He has developed, though he is still to develop further, that wonderful diction which makes the term Shakespearian the most distinctly connotative of all the epithets that have been coined from writers' names.

The various stories that lie at the foundation of the Merchant of Venice had long existed in mediæval fiction. Shakespeare recombined the elements of them, but invented next to nothing new in plot and fable. Nearly all his plays are traceable to their sources. The sources of this comedy the student may

read in Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library or in Furness's Variorum edition of the play.

The reader of Shakespeare must train his ear to the rhythm of the Shakespearian blank verse. Though tolerating a wide range of variation in the number and place of unaccented syllables, this verse, nevertheless, filling, but not exceeding, the measure of the iambic pentameter, remains almost constantly true to its norm. Hence, it is essential, in reading, to acquire the habit of finding the scansion, so as not to lose hold of the rhythm and read the verse as if it were prose. The reader's ear should immediately detect the five accents, and the relation of these accents to the unaccented syllables. For each verse is a unit in itself, and even the most unstopped, or run-on verse, makes itself felt, in good reading, as having a beginning and an end.

The various artifices by means of which the rhythm of lines is secured by the poet, such as elision and slurring of syllables, and the dividing of single syllables into two, the learner must, from the outset, observe and become familiar with. The endings *-ion*, *-ian*, *-ean* are sometimes, though by no means usually, to be read as making two syllables each; and when this happens, the latter of these two syllables comes to bear an accent. Thus *ocean* is to be spoken *oceän* in the one instance where the word occurs in this play, but elsewhere is much oftener a dissyllable. Thus, again, the word *Christian* is usually two syllables, but, in at least two cases in the play, is a trisyllable. In the names Portia, Antonio, Bassanio, Bellario, Padua, the last two vowels are sometimes to be pronounced separately, and sometimes they are diphthongs.

## ACT I.

### Scene 1.

1-7. From this immediate demonstration of character and temperament in Antonio, what may we infer concerning the importance of his mental peculiarities as about to furnish a motive to

the play? May we predict of Antonio that he will always act consistently with the character of a shrewd and successful merchant?

3-4. Search in this and other plays for instances of similar multiplying of diverse expressions setting forth essentially the same idea.

5, 7. The two lines contain three instances of the *gerundial*, or *prepositional*, infinitive, the preposition in one case being anomalous. By all means master the distinction between the pure and the gerundial infinitive. In connection with *ado*, compare Hamlet ii, 2, 369; iv, 4, 44; Richard III. i, 3, 292. See also the gospel of Mark, v, 39, in the King James version. Then see if you think that the editors of the "Revised Version" have improved the passage.

6. **want-wit.** Find a compound similarly formed in each of the following passages: — M. N. Dream ii, 2, 77; Richard II. i, 1, 160; W. Tale i, 2, 363; As You L. It iv, 1, 196; K. John ii, 1, 569. Describe these compounds, as to the parts of speech to which their elements belong, and the grammatical relation of these elements to each other.

8-14. Analyze the diction of Salarino's speech with respect to its power to visualize his thought, and to make it appeal to our imagination.

11. You will not appreciate the meaning of **pageants** without some acquaintance with the word as a technical term of the Tudor drama. In the Tempest, Act iv, the poet gives us what he himself calls a *pageant*. Read Bacon's Essay Of Masques and Triumphs. Look up the subject also in Chambers's Book of Days; in J. Payne Collier's History of English Dramatic Poetry; in Strutt's Sports and Pastimes; in Besant's London. Among many other instances of the use of the word by Shakespeare, see especially L. L. Lost v, 1, 118; A. Y. L. It ii, 7, 138; Pericles v, 2, 271.

17. The reader of Shakespeare must expect often to find **still** used, as it is here, with the meaning *always*.

19. See the word **road** in two other senses, Much Ado v, 2, 33; Coriolanus iii, 1, 5.

21. **out of doubt.** Think of expressions in which the same

combination of adverb and preposition is still current in the same sense. As we have *in health* and *out of health*, *in fashion* and *out of fashion*, so the earlier language had *in doubt* and *out of doubt*. Chaucer has *out of doubt*, as in Prol. to Canterbury Tales, 487; Knights Tale, 283.

23. **when I thought.** In what mode is this verb?

27. **my wealthy Andrew.** Whether *Andrew*, or *Andrea*, was a frequent name for Italian ships, and whether Shakespeare took it from some one of his sources, or invented it, cannot be ascertained.

28. **vailing:** an interesting word, or rather three interesting words in one form. Distinguish their meanings as they appear in the following passages, and look up their etymologies: 1 Hen. VI. v, 3, 25; Pericles ii, 1, 157; Mer. of Ven. iii, 2, 99. In one of these words the spelling *veil* has become more common than *vail*, the form found in the older editions of Shakespeare and in the Bible of 1611.

35. **but even now worth this, And now worth nothing.** The costly spices and silks which, until the ship struck, were his, now suddenly vanish from his possession, and for a moment he sees them weltering in the sea. Perhaps he accompanies the word "this" with a gesture, as if pointing to the dismal sight.

50. **by two-headed Janus.** A collection of Shakespearian oaths, or phrases of asseveration, such as you may make in your reading, would throw interesting light on the manners of the poet's day.

56. Not only in the play where he is a personage of prime importance, but in the following passages also, **Nestor** is mentioned: L. L. Lost iv, 3, 169; 3 Hen. VI. iii, 2, 188; Pericles iii, 1, 66; 1 Hen. VI. ii, 5, 6. From these passages infer the character which Shakespeare ascribes to Nestor.

60-68. Do Antonio and Bassanio show any objection to the departure of Salarino and Salanio? How do you construe their speeches?

61. **worthier.** In what sense does Salarino use this word? Consider the words *worth*, *worthy*, and *worship*, as they occur in the play, and see if they had not, to Shakespeare, a secondary meaning, or connotation, which to us they have lost.

**prevented.** Does this word here merely mean *hindered* or *thwarted*? See J. Cæsar iii, 1, 35; v, 1, 105; Hamlet ii, 2, 305; Psalms xxi, 3, and so often in the Bible.

**79. Let me play the fool.** It would be a monstrous mistake to understand *fool* in its modern sense. Not until you have read *As You Like It* and *Lear* will you begin to understand the fool of the Elizabethan stage.

**82. with mortifying groans.** Shakespeare nowhere uses *mortify* in its modern sense. See L. L. Lost i, 1, 28; Hen. V. i, 1, 26; J. Cæsar ii, 1, 324; Macbeth v, 2, 5; Lear ii, 3, 15; M. Ado i, 3, 13.

**89. Do cream and mantle.** See *Tempest* iv, 1, 182; *Lear* iii, 4, 139.

**110. for this gear.** See the phrase again ii, 2, 176. See also 2 Hen. VI. i, 4, 17; T. Andron. iv, 3, 52.

**111.** From the peculiar metrical isolation of the couplet from the rest of the dialogue, what may we probably infer as to the character of Gratiano's speech?

Where does the normal movement of the dialogue recover itself, and in connection with what change of theme does this recovery take place?

**141. his fellow of the self-same flight.** Different arrows had different flights, and the archer had to pay heed to the flight of the arrow he chose.

**148. that self way.** See *Errors* v, 1, 10; *Richard II.* i, 2, 23; *T. Night* i, 1, 39. Describe this now obsolete use of *self*.

**160. prest into it.** Do not mistake *prest* for a contracted word. See *Pericles* IV Gower 45.

**183. Go presently inquire.** Remember that the invariable meaning of *presently* in Shakespeare is *immediately*.

**185.** Express in modern business parlance Antonio's two grounds of confidence.

## Scene 2.

**1. my little body.** Do these words justify us in any inference concerning Portia's height? Be on the watch for further indications of the stature either of Portia or of Nerissa.

**50. as who should say.** This now obsolete expression you

have already met with in the previous scene. It occurs frequently in the plays. Before Shakespeare's time the phrase *as who saith* was also common. On this use of the interrogative pronoun as an indefinite, see Henry Sweet's *New English Grammar*, section 1146, and Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, section 257. This indefinite use of *who* is a direct inheritance from Old English.

108. **married to a sponge.** See *Macbeth* i, 7, 71.

135. **The four strangers.** Nothing in the scene enables us to account for precisely *four* strangers. Discuss the seriousness of such incongruities as marring the effectiveness of a play on the stage.

Show the special fitness of the prose form for such a dialogue as that of this scene. By what term must the rime tag, with respect to its rhythm, be described?

### Scene 3.

17. **his means are in supposition.** Think out the fitting modern expressions synonymous with this phrase.

40. What change takes place here in the tone of the dialogue, that should cause the substitution of verse for prose?

44. As we are no longer accustomed to the conjunction-phrase, *for that*, we naturally tend to make the mistake of putting upon the *that* the emphasis due to a demonstrative. So in 50 we are no longer used to the combination of adverbial antecedent and relative, and are apt, in consequence of the *even*, to read with undue emphasis on the *there*.

46:52. **usance . . . which he calls interest.** Which is the more ancient term — Shylock's or Antonio's? With which is connected, etymologically, the modern term of evil import? Whose ideas as to the moral propriety of taking interest have come to prevail in our day — Shylock's or Antonio's? Read Bacon's *Essay on Usury*.

47. **If I can catch him once upon the hip.** See this play iv, 1, 334; *Othello* ii, 1, 314. Whence comes the metaphor?

59. **How many months Do you desire?** Consider carefully the inflection to be given this question.



60. **Rest you fair, good signior.** Spoken with the same intent, and in the same circumstances, as Macbeth's, *Give me your favor*, i, 3, 149.

65. **Is he yet possessed How much ye would?** *Possess* frequently has this meaning in Shakespeare. See, *e.g.*, T. Night ii, 3, 149; Cor. ii, 1, 145; Much Ado v, 1, 290, and the other instances of the word in this sense in this play.

70. **Methought you said.** Understand once for all the perfect grammatical propriety of this expression, and of Chaucer's *him thoughte, us thoughte, how thinketh it you*. In connection with the impersonal verb *thinks, thought*, consider how English has come to differ from German, which still has *denken* and *dünken*.

104. It will be interesting to consider at what point Shylock's scheme for entrapping Antonio first shows itself.

106. **beholding to you.** *Beholding* is, of course, strictly speaking, an incorrect form, but it is the only one used by Shakespeare. On the way in which this form has come to displace the legitimate one, see the New English Dictionary.

131-138. Discuss Antonio's treatment of Shylock. Do you find that your respect and admiration for Antonio suffer any diminution in consequence of his harshness towards a fellow-mortal? Could a modern dramatist employ the main motive of the play?

153-156. Shylock's proposition seems to us utterly monstrous, abominable, and shocking. But does it seem to startle Antonio and Bassanio? As the cutting of flesh from the body of a delinquent debtor was a penalty known to Roman and Teutonic law, and had long served as motive for tales and poems, may it not be that Shylock's suggestion of it strikes Antonio and Bassanio as quite intelligible and in harmony with the Jew's purpose in lending the money without interest and in professedly asking for the bond merely as a joke? Do the others seem greatly to object to Shylock's expressions, "in a merry sport," and "this merry bond"? A bond drawn with such a penalty seemed perhaps to Shylock's intended victim really no bond at all. But take into consideration Antonio's speech, 157-160. Do Antonio and Bassanio seem as

much surprised as we should expect at Shylock's lending the money without interest?

182. **dismay**, an etymological hybrid : look up its history.

## ACT II.

### Scene 1.

9. **Hath feared the valiant.** So in *T. of Shrew* i, 2, 211 ; 3 *Hen.* VI. iii, 3, 226 ; v, 2, 2 ; *Lear* iii, 5, 4 ; *Ant. and Cle.* ii, 6, 24.

14. **nice direction of a maiden's eyes.** See *L. L. Lost* iii, 1, 24 ; *Hen.* V. v, 2, 293 ; *J. Cæsar* iv, 3, 8.

19. **His wife who wins me.** Describe in grammatical terms the use of *his* in this expression, and show what function the word in modern English has lost.

20. **then stood as fair.** In what mode is *stood* ? Translate the verb into any other language of which you know something. Find other verbs whose mode, like that of *stood*, is not obvious to the eye.

32. **play at dice Which is the better man.** Note the absence of punctuation.

44. **forward to the temple.** If *temple* here means *church*, it is difficult to imagine why the word *church* should not be used, as in i, 1, 29 ; i, 2, 14 ; iii, 2, 305.

46. **To make me blest or cursedst.** One of the participles, for obvious reasons, dispenses with its superlative ending. See *Meas. for Meas.* iv, 6, 13 ; this play, iii, 2, 295.

### Scene 2.

39. **try confusions.** Perhaps Launcelot tries to use the phrase employed by Hamlet iii, 4, 195.

47. **By God's sonties.** A common oath, usually particularized, as in *Shrew* iii, 2, 84 ; *Rich.* III. i, 1, 138.

59. Launcelot manages his **ergo** much better than the gravedigger in Hamlet does his, v, i.

98. **Lord worshipped.** Neither the meaning nor the application of the phrase is quite obvious.

110. **I will not rest.** See Rom. and Jul. v, 3, 110 ; Lear i, 1, 125.

115. **give me your present to one Master Bassanio.** Refer to Jul. Cæs. i, 2, 267. This use of *me* is very common in the plays. Observe that it is always enclitic.

139. As there are no other *cater-cousins* in Shakespeare, you are compelled to make the dictionary suffice.

142. **shall frutify unto you.** What can Launcelot be trying to say ?

146. **impertinent.** Consider whether the use of this word by one of the poet's wisest personages agrees with the sense in which we now use it : Tempest i, 2, 138.

152. **the very defect of the matter.** Refer to Polonius's playing with this word : Hamlet ii, 2, 101.

155. **hath preferred thee.** Illustrate this very common meaning of *prefer* from Jul. Cæs. v, 5, 62.

160. **The old proverb** can easily be reproduced by joining the parts assigned by Launcelot to Bassanio and Shylock respectively.

164. **more guarded than his fellows'.** See Much Ado i, 1, 288 ; Henry VIII. ProL 16.

167. **a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book.** Launcelot's *table* is, of course, the table of chiromancy. Look it up in Webster or the Century. The subject of chiromancy, or palmistry, can be investigated in any of the numerous books on the subject, as in Heron-Allen's Manual of Cheirosophy. A chiromantic chart of the hand can be seen in the note on this passage in Knight's Shakespeare.

As to *swearing on a book*, see Tempest ii, 2, 145 ; Mer. Wives i, 4, 156 ; L. L. Lost iv, 3, 250 ; 1 Hen. IV. ii, 4, 56.

196. **thy skipping spirit.** Knowing Gratiano, you understand the meaning of *skipping*. See also Macbeth i, 2, 30 ; L. L. Lost v, 2, 771 ; 1 Hen. IV. iii, 2, 60.

201. **look demurely.** You will often find this form of speech in Shakespeare. Explain in grammatical language wherein, according to present usage, it is deemed incorrect.

205. **like one well studied.** See Macbeth i, 4, 9 ; Shrew ii, 1, 160.

How has the plot been advanced by this scene? Have there been any portions of the scene that have not contributed essentially to the forwarding of the main action? What may be the dramatic purpose of such portions?

### Scene 3.

What piece of the plot is here presented? As the character of Jessica will have to be discussed when we shall have seen all the revelations of it, note her words in her brief soliloquy as indicating her moral quality.

### Scene 4.

10. **break up this.** That this is not a Gobboism, but a usual expression, appears from Winter's Tale iii, 2, 132.

24. **provided of a torch-bearer.** Compare Macbeth i, 2, 13; this play, v, 1, 297. Compare also line 32, below. Shakespeare regularly uses *of* after *provide*, and *with* after *furnish*.

### Scene 5.

21. **So do I his.** Allowing Launcelot's blunder to be innocent, how will you characterize Shylock's humor in taking it thus in its literal sense? And what do these words seem to indicate in regard to Shylock's anticipation of the issue of the business of the bond? Can we suppose that Shylock knew more about the course of Antonio's maritime ventures than Antonio himself?

28. **Hear you me, Jessica.** In Scene 2, Gratiano says, *Signior Bassanio, hear me*. Describe in terms of grammar the difference between the two imperative expressions. Be on the lookout for instances from which you may infer Shakespeare's usage in respect to the imperative.

30. **the wry-necked fife.** It would be quite in accordance with the poet's way of speaking to call the fife wry-necked because the player on it was so in the act of playing. Compare the *insane root*, Macbeth i, 3, 84. Or perhaps the fife of his day really had a crooked neck. There is no telling what he had in mind.

36. **By Jacob's staff.** While you note down all the oaths you find in the play, consider particularly those of Shylock.

43. **Will be worth a Jewess' eye.** Knight suggests that "the play upon the words alludes to the common proverbial expression, 'worth a Jew's eye.' That worth was the price which the persecuted Jews paid for the immunity from mutilation and death. When our rapacious King John extorted an enormous sum from the Jew of Bristol by drawing his teeth, the threat of putting out an eye would have a like effect upon other Jews."

45. **His words were "Farewell mistress," nothing else.** Of course, you will discuss Jessica's morality. Not only did the Elizabethan audience laugh at Jessica's lie, but a modern audience also complaisantly laughs at it. But is it laughable? Could a modern play introduce such a motive? Is it interesting to see even Shylock thus forsaken and deceived by his daughter? Is she destined to meet with retribution in the play?

### Scene 6.

14. **like a younker.** See the same phrase, 3 Hen. VI. ii, 1, 24, and the word *younker* again 1 Hen. IV. iii, 3, 92.

15. **The scarfed bark.** Compare All's Well ii, 3, 214, and this play, iii, 2, 98.

21. **my long abode.** So in Cymbeline, i, 6, 53.

24. Wherein consists the metrical peculiarity of the line?

42. So again, v, 1, 129-130.

49. **gild myself with some more ducats.** Comment on the relations that seem to have subsisted between Shylock and his daughter, as shown by the ease of Jessica's access to the ducats.

51. **by my hood.** Chaucer, Legend of Good Women, 507, has the line, "That is a trewe tale, by myn hood."

52. **Beshrew me.** A very common form of imprecation, and often in the same tone as here. See below, iii, 2, 14.

54. **if that mine eyes be true.** You have noted already how frequently the conjunction *that* is added to other conjunctions without modifying their meaning. In this use it is always enclitic, and must so be read. Thus you will find an unaccented *that* ap-

pended to *after, because, when, if, for, but, lest*, and other conjunctions, and also to relative adverbs.

### Scene 7.

2. **discover the several caskets to this noble prince.** Describe the difference between the former and the present uses of the word *discover*.

4. **who this inscription bears.** A frequent use of *who*. Compare *Tempest* i, 2, 7; *Errors* i, 2, 37; *Winter's Tale* iv, 4, 581.

5, 7, 9. How are the inscription-verses distinguished from the dialogue?

43. **For princes to come view.** Compare *Cæsar* i, 1, 3; *Othello* ii, 3, 190; *Winter's Tale* iv, 1, 26; *Lear* iv, 5, 35.

51. **To rib her cerecloth.** The verb *to rib* is perfectly defined in *Cymbeline* iii, 1, 19.

53. **ten times undervalued to tried gold.** Is this the ratio at the present day? You can see a table of the ratios of value of gold to silver from 1493 to 1879, in *Encyclo. Brit.* XVI, p. 729.

59-60. Note the rime here and in sonnet lii, 1-3, and infer the Shakespearian pronunciation of *key*.

60. **thrive I as I may.** So in *Richard III.* ii, 1, 11; ii, 1, 24; iv, 4, 235. To make sure of the mood, note the same construction in the third person: *John* iv, 2, 95; 1 *Hen. VI.* iii, 1, 174; *Rom.* and *Jul.* ii, 2, 154. See it also in the first plural, 1 *Hen. IV.* v, 2, 12.

65-75. Give a metrical description of these lines, noting the number of the accents and the nature of the feet, as iambic or trochaic. Do all the eleven lines come under precisely the same description? In what respect do lines 74 and 75 differ from each other?

### Scene 8.

25. **Let good Antonio look he keep his day.** On the construction compare *John* iv, 1, 1; 2 *Hen. VI.* ii, 1, 189; *Richard III.* iii, 4, 80; *Jul. Cæs.* i, 3, 143. Describe this construction. What form of speech replaces it in present English?

27. **I reasoned with a Frenchman.** The noun *reason*, in the sense of *dialogue*, *conversation*, and the verb *reason*, meaning to *speak* or *talk*, were common enough in Middle English, as also were, in the Italian and French of the same period, the corresponding verbs *ragionare* and *raisonner*. It seems probable that Shakespeare got *reason* in this sense from the sources which furnished him the story of the play, for he does not so use it again.

33. **You were best to tell.** Perhaps a development out of the more logical phrase, *you had best (or better) tell*. Parse *were* and *to tell*. Neither this form of speech nor *you had better tell* must be censured as in the least incorrect.

39. **Slubber not business.** Compare Othello i, 3, 227.

42. **Let it not enter in your mind of love.** Paraphrase the line so as to make it express in usual forms of speech its obvious meaning.

48. **Affection wondrous sensible.** Compare *sensible regrets* in the next scene. Express in modern phrase the meaning of *sensible* in these cases.

52. **quicken his embraced heaviness.** Compare the expression, *even such a passion doth embrace my bosom*, Troi. and Cres. iii, 2, 37, and consider whether, notwithstanding the passive participle, it is Antonio that embraces the heaviness, or the heaviness that embraces Antonio.

### Scene 9.

19. **And so have I addressed me.** Compare Wives iii, 5, 135; All's Well iii, 6, 103; 2 Hen. VI. v, 2, 27.

26. **may be meant By the fool multitude.** The meaning of *by* in the passage may be illustrated from T. G. of Ver. ii, 4, 151; Much-Ado v, 1, 312.

28. **like the martlet.** Compare Shakespeare's two martlets,—this and Banquo's, Mac. i, 6, 4,—noting the very different motives of their introduction in the two cases.

32. **I will not jump with common spirits.** See the verb *jump*, in this now wholly obsolete sense, Shrew i, 1, 195; Othello i, 3, 5, and frequently elsewhere.

37. **who shall go about To cozen fortune.** Illustrate the phrase *go about* from *M. N. Dream* iv, 1, 212 ; *Ham.* iii, 2, 361.

61. **To offend and judge are distinct offices And of opposed natures.** It is not clear just what meaning Portia intends to convey by this speech, or in what tone she speaks it. Does she seem to be exulting over Arragon's discomfiture ? Does she seem to be sneering at the blunder of his choice ? Does she not rather seem to wish to soothe his wounded pride ? He has erred indeed in judgement, but this error by no means implies that he has given offence. Debate the matter.

**Distinct** is thus accented again, *Troi.* and *Cres.* iv. 4, 47, but not iv, 5, 245.

63-78. Describe the metre of the schedule verses and of Arragon's echo of them. Note especially 63 and 75. Get from the following passages a hint of the way to manage the syllables of 63 : *Cymbeline* iii, 1, 32 ; *Cæsar* iii, I, 171 ; *Macbeth* iv, 1, 11.

85. **what would my lord?** What is Portia's mood ?

89. **he bringeth sensible regrets.** Recur to line 48, preceding scene ; and see *John* iii, 1, 241.

## ACT III.

### Scene 1.

9. **as lying a gossip as ever knapped ginger.** See *Meas.* for *Meas.* iv, 3, 3.

23. **lest the devil cross my prayer.** Recur to ii, 4, 36, and ii, 5, 56.

49. Once again the poet uses the word **smug**. See it, 1 *Hen.* IV. iii, 1, 102. Look up the etymology of the word, and note its relation to *smock*.

Consider what indications of the lapse of considerable time are furnished by this and the previous scenes. What main motive of the play distinctly assumes that a definite period has passed ? Can any points of the action be specified where intervals of time may be supposed to occur ? Can a Shakespearian



play, like a chronicle of actual events, be subjected to rigid time analysis?

### Scene 2.

2. **in choosing wrong, I lose your company.** Explain wherein this language, according to the modern construction, would fail to convey the writer's meaning.

6. Young readers are very apt to emphasize this line wrongly.

14. **Beshrew your eyes.** Describe the mood of mind that expresses itself in this exclamation. Recur to ii, 6, 52.

20. **Prove it so.** Is this an imperative sentence, and to be read as such? See a precisely similar construction in the second person, below, line 61. See the same construction in the first person, 2 Hen. VI. v, 2, 57, and again in the third, Macbeth iii, 1, 26. See also Samson Agonistes, 1057; King John iii, 3, 31; Coleridge, Piccolomini, ii, 1, 71; Scott's Last Minstrel, I, xxiii.

22. **to peize the time.** Compare Richard III, v, 3, 105.

23. **To eke it.** *Eke* is an interesting word to investigate. See, if you can, Dr. Murray's collection of passages illustrating its history.

27. **then confess What treason there is.** Explain the connection between *the rack* and *treason*.

44. **he makes a swan-like end.** See Othello v, 2, 247.

59. **With bleared visages.** Compare Shrew v, 1, 120; Coriolanus ii, 1, 221.

63-72. Put together Portia's *I could teach you How to choose right*, line 10; her promise, *If you do love me, you will find me out*, line 41; her directions to Nerissa and the rest to stand all aloof; her command, *Let music sound while he doth make his choice*; and, finally, Bassanio's interpretation of the song, line 73, and consider whether she has not virtually taught this favored lover how to choose right. Paraphrase the song so as to show how Bassanio is justified in the inference he draws from it.

87. **valor's excrement.** See Errors ii, 2, 79; L. L. Lost v, 1, 109.

89. **the beauteous scarf Veiling an Indian beauty.** The figure becomes clear in the light of an inference that may be drawn

from the following passages: Two Gent. ii, 6, 25; v, 2, 11; L. L. Lost iv, 3, 253, 261; Sonnet 127, 1, 3.

118. **Or whether.** Is the question adversative, or does it simply continue the previous one? What word in it is to bear the main emphasis?

176. **to exclaim on you.** See 1 Hen. VI. iii, 3, 60; Ham. ii, 2, 367.

188. **it is now our time.** For whom, besides herself, can Nerissa be speaking? Does Gratiano also, in his speech, 191-196, speak in the plural number?

193. **For I am sure you can wish none from me.** The situation suggests various interpretations of this line. Think out as many as you can. They will turn principally on the meaning to be assigned to the word *from*.

242. **That royal merchant, good Antonio.** On *royal merchant* consult the Century Dictionary.

282. **the magnificoes of greatest port.** See 2 Hen. VI. iv, 1, 19.

287. The Hebrew names, **Tubal** and **Chus**, as well as *Leah*, Scene 1, Shakespeare got, of course, from the Old Testament. Shakespeare's Bible was the translation of 1568, commonly known as the Bishops' Bible. The name which in our version of 1611 appears in the form *Cush* is, in the Bishops' Bible, spelled *Chus*. Remember the pronunciation of *ch* in words derived from the Hebrew. Of the words *cherub* and *Jericho*, which follows the rule, and which is the exception?

Furness's Variorum note on the origin of the name *Shylock* is interesting.

295. **The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit.** Must we regard this as an ill-matched pairing of positive and superlative? See Meas. for Meas. iv, 6, 13; Hen. V. ii, 2, 139. So Abbott cites Ben Jonson, *The soft and sweetest music*.

304. **Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.** The line contains two monosyllables, either of which may, in accordance with Shakespearian usage, be split into two. Try each, and decide which is the better one to divide.

321. **between you and I.** Compare Wives iii, 2, 25; 3 Hen. VI.

iii, 2, 128 ; Hamlet iii, 4, 3 ; ii, 2, 196. From these instances draw an inference as to the poet's employment of cases after *between*.

### Scene 3.

9. **Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond.** The word *naughty* has an interesting history. What change in meaning has it undergone since the poet's time ?

*Fond* has here its usual Shakespearian meaning. Middle English had the noun *fonne*, a fool, and the verb *to fonne*, to be a fool. Of this verb, *fond* is the regular participle. Recall *the fond eye* of Arragon ii, 9, 27.

20. **with bootless prayers.** Find in the Cotter's Saturday Night a verb of the *boot* family that is now obsolete in standard English. What very common words of this family are still in daily use ?

30. **since that.** See note on ii, 6, 54.

### Scene 4.

2. **A noble and a true conceit.** Note the two other passages in this play where the word *conceit* occurs, and compare Hamlet ii, 2, 579 ; ii, 2, 583 ; iii, 4, 114 ; iv, 5, 45.

12. **waste the time together.** See this use of *waste*, Tempest v, 1, 302 ; As You Like It ii, 4, 95.

25. **The husbandry and manage of my house.** See Hamlet i, 3, 77 ; Tempest i, 2, 70.

32. **and there will we abide.** What will you say in defence of Portia's inveracity ? See lines 69 and 74, below.

53. Portia is good enough to define for us the word *tranect*.

67. **two mincing steps.** See Isaiah iii, 16 ; Hamlet ii, 2, 537 ; 1 Hen. IV. iii, 1, 134.

69. **quaint lies.** Compare Tempest i, 2, 317 ; Shrew iv, 3, 102.

72. **I could not do withal.** *With*, in *withal*, has its primitive meaning, — *against*, — as in the verb *withstand*. What modern verb expresses Portia's meaning ?

74. **these puny lies.** You will find *puny* a most interesting word to investigate. In what shape does it appear in As You Like It iii, 4, 46 ?

## Scene 5.

Considering that this scene does nothing to forward the action of the play, account for it on other grounds. Note that line 81 of the preceding scene raises expectation. Note also the stage of maturity which the plot, in its development, has reached when the immediately following scene opens. Compare, moreover, this scene with the following one in respect to *tone*.

## ACT IV.

## Scene 1.

1, 2. A trimeter couplet.

5. **empty From any dram of mercy.** But see *Troi.* and *Cres.* ii, 2, 34; iv, 2, 6; *Cymbeline* iii, 4, 71. Comment on Shakespeare's usage.

9. **and that no lawful means.** You noted a peculiar use of *that* in *if that mine eyes be true*, ii, 6, 54. But in the passage under consideration *that* is used for a different purpose. Describe this purpose.

11. **armed to suffer.** See line 264, this scene. See also *Shrew* ii, 1, 140; *Richard II.* iii, 2, 104. What words would present use require in these cases instead of *armed*?

14. **Go one, and call.** Compare *Ant.* and *Cle.* iv, 8, 1; ii, 2, 129; *Hamlet* i, 1, 70. The power to use the verb in this form has almost departed from our language.

26. **A moiety of the principal.** See the exact meaning of *moiety*, *Hen. VIII.* i, 2, 12, and the more usual meaning 1 *Hen. IV.* iii, 1, 96.

29. **Enow to press a royal merchant down.** Shakespeare always uses the form *enow*, as here and in iii, 5, 24, in a plural sense, — *quarrels enow*, *we are enow*, *faggots enow*, *napkins enow*, *liars and swearers enow*, *evils enow*. Note how the form *enough* is used in this play: ii, 2, 160; ii, 2, 191; ii, 5, 46; ii, 7, 27; iii, 1, 15; iv, 1, 127; iv, 1, 159; iv, 1, 280; v, 1, 264. But see *Wint. Tale* iv, 4, 579.

47. **Some men there are love not a gaping pig.** The *gaping pig* is interpreted by various Shakespearians in two ways: as a pig roasted and served on the table, and as a squealing pig. In view of what we know of Shylock's habits and prejudices, with which aspect of the pig may we consider him to be the more familiar?

50. **affection, Mistress of passion.** Compare the eight instances in which the word *affection* is used in this play: i, 1, 16; i, 2, 37; i, 2, 41; ii, 1, 22; ii, 8, 48; iii, 1, 62; v, 1, 87, and show how its present meaning differs from the former one.

54-55. **Why he . . . Why he.** Compare Macbeth iv, 3, 80. Describe the use of the pronouns in these cases.

63. **no answer to excuse.** See note on line 162, this scene.

70. **think you question with the Jew.** With *think* as used here compare the same word as used ii, 8, 50. State the difference between the two meanings. How would the phrase, *think you question*, ordinarily be understood to-day?

73. **you may as well use question.** What is the difference in meaning between *use question* here, and *make question*, i, 1, 156, and i, 1, 184?

76. **forbid the mountain pines to make no noise.** With multiplied negatives, wholly intolerable in present English, the young reader of Shakespeare must early become familiar. Note the phrase, *nor I will not*, line 59, above.

78. **When they are fretten.** State, in grammatical terms, the difference between the form *fretten* and the form of the same participle that you find in Ant. and Cle. iv, 12, 8. Is it the same verb that occurs in Cæsar ii, 1, 104, and in Cymbeline ii, 4, 88? On this matter consult the dictionary.

93-97. **Shall I say to you Let them be free, etc.** Is this passage to be read as an interrogative or as an imperative sentence? Are the subordinate questions in it to be inflected in accordance with their own character, or with reference to their dependence on the main question, *Shall I say to you?*

114. **I am a tainted wether.** Recall the other instances of the use of the word *tainted* in this play.

114-118. Describe the mood of Antonio as expressed in this

speech, and comment on it with reference to his character and his reputation as a "royal merchant."

122. It is clear what syllable is to be elided.

128. **inexecrable dog.** Compare *execrable wretch*, T. Andron. v, 3, 177. See the definition of *inexecrable* in the International Dictionary. May it be that the poet meant to use the word *inexorable*? Is the prefix *in* always negative?

131-133. Name the Pythagorean doctrine here referred to. Look up De Quincey's Essay on Traditions of the Rabbins. See also Twelfth Night iv, 2, 54.

134. **who, hanged for human slaughter.** Comment on the case and construction of *who*.

On the hanging of animals compare Two Gentlemen iv, 4, 16; Much Ado ii, 3, 82; iii, 3, 66. See an interesting chapter on Legal Prosecutions of the Lower Animals in Chambers's Book of Days, Vol. I, page 126. See also Emma Phipson's Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time, page 36.

139. **Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond.** See this play, i, 3, 49. The word *rail* occurs more frequently in Troilus and Cressida than in any other play. To what character is this peculiarity especially due?

162. **let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation:** that is, *let his lack of years be no impediment sufficient to cause him to lack a reverend estimation*, — a use of the infinitive common enough both anciently and now. See Tempest ii, 1, 314. See also this scene, line 63, — *no answer to excuse*.

165. **whose trial.** Who is it that is to *try*, and who to *be tried*, in the *trial* referred to in this passage?

217. **curb this cruel devil.** Refer to i, 2, 26.

241. **There is no power in the tongue of man.** Compare, with regard to metric value, the word *power*, as it occurs here, with the other instances of its use in the play: i, 3, 93; iii, 2, 125; iii, 2, 179; iii, 2, 225; iii, 2, 291; iv, 1, 104; iv, 1, 190; iv, 1, 196; iv, 1, 218; iv, 1, 292; v, 1, 79.

251. **more elder.** You will have occasion to note many instances of this now intolerable construction.

255. **Are there balance here.** Compare T. Andron. i, 1, 55.

275. **speak me fair in death.** Compare Errors iv, 2, 16.

306. Look up the etymology of **jot**.

326-327. Describe, grammatically, the difference between the phrases **just a pound** and **a just pound**.

333. How will you find ten syllables in this verse? Compare 340, below.

334. Of what speech of Shylock does this line remind you?

368. **That thou shalt see**, etc. Would the English of to-day tolerate this phrase? Would the Shakespearian English tolerate our phrase? See Dream iii, 2, 433. Note, as you read, the poet's use of the various modal auxiliaries.

372. **may drive unto a fine.** Compare Much Ado i, 1, 302.

380-385. Explain the arrangement which Antonio suggests.

389. **Of all he dies possessed.** Supply the elided word, and suggest a cause for its elision.

398-400. Consider that the jury system is very ancient. See Meas. for Meas. ii, 1, 19.

402. **I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.** Compare Dream iii, 1, 183; As You Like It v, 4, 56; Othello iii, 3, 212.

411-412. You here see one of the common uses of the word *withal* in the language of the poet's day. Describe this use.

421. **of force I must attempt you.** Compare Cæsar iv, 3, 203.

445. **An if your wife be not**, etc. The conjunction *and*, often shortened to *an*, is much used in Elizabethan English with the simple meaning *if*. Look it up in Murray or the Century. The combination *and if*, or *an if*, is a favorite phrase with Shakespeare, and means neither more nor less than either *and* or *if* alone.

451. **Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.** *Commandment* is obviously to be pronounced here as in 1 Hen. VI, i, 3, 20. Everywhere else in the verse of the plays it must be pronounced as in Hamlet i, 5, 102; v, 2, 385.

### Scene 2.

15. **We shall have old swearing.** *Old* is used here in precisely the same sense, and in the same tone, as by the porter, Macbeth ii, 3, 2, and by Mistress Quickly, Merry Wives i, 4, 5.

Define the word as thus used, and show how from its fundamental meaning this peculiar one was developed.

## ACT V.

### Scene 1.

4. **Troyan.** How is this word spelt in the play whose scene is at Troy?

10. **Stood Dido with a willow in her hand.** With Dido's *willow* compare Viola's, Twelfth Night i, 5, 287; Ophelia's, Hamlet iv, 7, 167; the one Desdemona ascribes to the maid Barbara, Othello iv, 3, 28-51; Emilia's, Othello v, 2, 248; and the one Benedick commends to Claudio, Much Ado ii, 1, 194. Then infer the significance of the willow as a poetic motive.

11. **and waft her love.** Infer from the context the tense of *waft*. Account for its form. Find other instances of the same peculiarity.

15. **Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew.** Comment on Lorenzo's raillery of his bride. How can he ascribe to her *an unthrift love*?

21. Compare as to metric value the *Jessica* of this line with the *Jessica* of line 15.

49. **let's in.** Compare *I must away*, iv, 1, 403; *you and I will thither*, iv, 1, 455; *we 'll away*, iv, 2, 2. What peculiarity have these passages in common? Do you find it of frequent occurrence?

51. **My friend Stephano.** With the pronunciation of *Stephano* here and in line 28, above, compare that of the same name in the Tempest v, 1, 277.

60-65. Shakespeare makes several other references to the *music of the spheres*, as in Pericles v, 1, 231; Twelfth Night iii, 1, 121; As You Like It ii, 7, 6. But by all means read Milton's At a Solemn Music, and his Arcades. The passage of the Arcades 61-73, is explained by reference to the Tale of Er in Plato's Republic, Book X. See also Job xxxviii.

64. **this muddy vesture of decay.** The notion of the body as a mere clog and obstruction to the soul lies at the foundation of



the belief in the virtue of ascetic practices and of the mortification of the flesh. It appears in various forms as a poetic motive.

77. **a mutual stand.** Is *mutual* here used with its proper meaning?

86. The word **spirit** very frequently, in Shakespeare as in other poets, has to be pronounced as a monosyllable. Is the word *sprite*, or *spright*, which has developed from *spirit*, exactly equivalent to it in meaning? Italian verse shortens *spirito* by dropping out the second *i*, making the form *spirto*. Which would seem the more natural, to drop the accented *i*, or the unaccented?

92. **When the moon shone.** Can you make the tense of *shone* consistent with what precedes and with what follows?

99. **Nothing is good, I see, without respect.** Supply the words which in present usage are indispensable to complete the meaning of *respect* in this sense.

103. **When neither is attended.** Is it better to understand *a to* as omitted after *attended*, or to complete the sense by adding in thought such a phrase as, *by the right conditions*?

115. **which speed, we hope, the better for our words.** All the other *speeds* in this play have the usual present meaning of the word. But see *Lear* i, 2, 19.

129, 130. Where else in the play have we already had the same play upon words?

136, 137. Milton himself could not forbear punning, even in *Paradise Lost*, on the vocable *bound*. See Book IV, line 181.

148. **That she did give me, whose posy was, etc.** The line halts. Shall we elide the *me*, and then regard the line as a four-footer, or shall we try to make it "run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse" by some device or other? Shall we read it with a *to* between *give* and *me*? Or shall we read *poesy*, instead of *posy*, bringing an accent on the *e* of *poesy*? Or shall we conceive a pause after *me*, taking the place of an accented syllable? Debate the matter.

149. **cutler's poetry Upon a knife.** It was the custom to etch mottoes (*posies*) on the blades of knives.

169. **And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.** What the printed text does for us in line 11 above, we are left in this line to do for ourselves.

189. **Even so void is your false heart of truth.** Scan this line in connection with the others in the scene that contain the word *even*.

205. **What man is there so much unreasonable . . . wanted the modesty.** The sense of the passage depends on your correctly supplying the elided words, and on your understanding the mood of *wanted*.

293. **of all he dies possessed of.** Note the curious difference between this phrase as it stands here and the same phrase, iv, 1, 389.

298. **charge us there upon inter'gatories,**—a formal phrase of English legal procedure. Its meaning in this case is explained by the next line.

Questions on the play, to serve as topics of discussion in the class, or as subjects for compositions or theses by individual pupils.

1. What two main stories are interwoven to make the staple of the plot, and what two subordinate stories are involved with these or attached to them? How are these several elements of the plot linked together? Comment on the relation of the fifth act to the rest of the play.

2. Select passages which imply considerable lapse of time. A three-months bond has matured: is it possible to find points where the continuity of the action can be conceived as being so much interrupted as to make room for the passage of this time?

3. Is the play pure comedy? What human passions does it bring into collision? Are all these conflicts settled by happy reconciliation of the contending interests? Does the dénouement satisfy us as being untainted with malignity?—Compare the dénouement of the *Tempest*.

4. Compare Antonio's bearing throughout the play, his helplessness and friendlessness in the clutches of Shylock, with his reputation as a *royal merchant*. What dramatic purpose does Antonio serve? Why should the play be named from him?

5. Describe the character of Portia, — her traits of mind and heart. Do you find any drawbacks whatever to the completeness of your admiration for her? Note what persons in the play are made to express hatred and detestation of Shylock, and to gloat over his humiliation. Is Portia one of these persons?

6. Name the elements of Shylock's character. In connection with Shylock, consider what leading motive of the play has vanished to-day from the range of dramatic possibilities. Is Shylock, bad as he is, made to suffer too much? What affliction should even he, in your opinion, have been spared?

7. Give your opinion of Jessica. Do her performances seem to you in any way essential to the main action? What appears to you to be the function of the Jessica story?

8. What kind of a man is Bassanio? Do you find that Portia contrives to help him in his choice of the caskets? Is Bassanio, or any other of the men in the play, cool-headed and shrewd?

9. Sum up, so far as you can, the salient points in the characters of Gratiano and Lorenzo, of Salarino and Salanio, of Nerissa.

10. Do you find the Launcelot scenes wholly pleasing? Think of reasons, in connection with the poet's management of his dramatic time, for the introduction into the play of the Launcelot scenes and of the Lorenzo-Jessica scenes. Was the poet concerned to tell a story in such a way that it should stand analysis as a chronicle of events? What was his purpose in writing this and the other dramas?

11. Make a study of the diction of any specially elevated passage, noting the figures of speech and the choice of words, and show, so far as is in your power, what means the poet employed to give to his language that otherwise unnamable quality which we call Shakespearian.

12. Describe every form of verse used in the play, and try to find a reason for the occasional transition from the standard verse-form of the dialogue both to prose and to the peculiar metres employed now and then.

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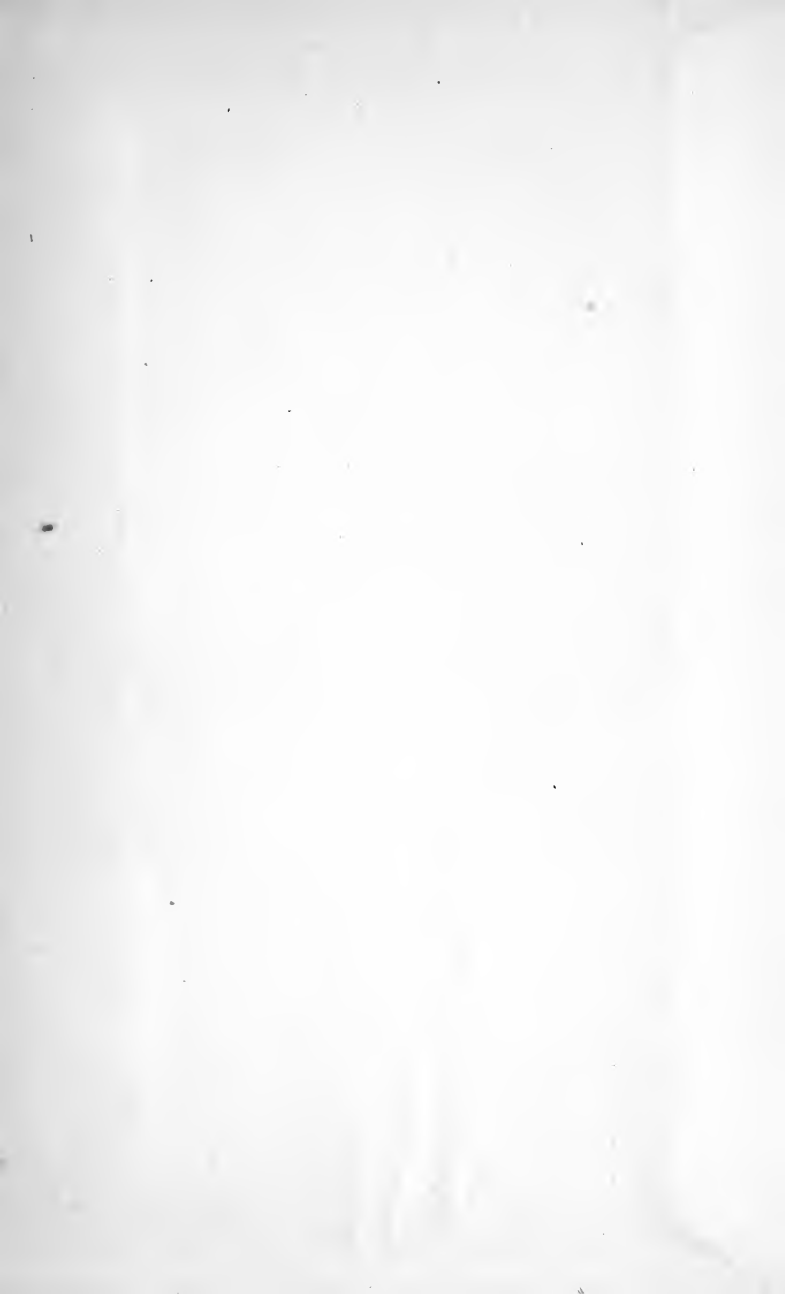
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